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NO. 9.

MIDSUMMER TERM, 1920.

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Students and Friends of the R.A.M. To be published each Term.

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No. 9. ONE SHILLING.

Midsummer Term, 1920.

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*Social Correspondent*: Gladys Chester.

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# The Academite.

## Editorial.



E are glad that the editorial and the article in our last number have met with some response : for we have in hand, after filling this issue, several excellent contributions, which will form a "nucleus" for the Michaelmas number.

Readers will be interested to know that "Lorry 33" was written when Mr. Pack was a prisoner of war at Graudenz, in Germany, in 1918. It appeared in the camp magazine, the "Vistula."

Lack of space and the cost of making blocks have prevented the printing of four sketches drawn for Miss Cox, in illustration of her "Eliza Bludge." Social Notes have had to be curtailed and minor contributions held over, but we still want matter of all kinds from a wider circle of students.

R. E. C.

---

## To the Wren by the Vicarage Garden.

What is this tiny wisp of feathery brown  
That sings to all so joyously and clear?  
That tender new-green shoot scarce bends beneath  
A weight no greater than a dandelion full blown.

Just o'er the garden wall the shadow, death,  
Has lately rested, and a happy town  
Is still in mourning for a comrade flown.  
Is this a spirit sent us to console and cheer?

With tail cocked high and slightly drooping wings,  
With feathers ruffled by the gusty breeze,  
All the small body quivers in sympathy  
With the glad strain and thrills and vibrates as it sings.

Look ! I may pass within two feet or three,  
And still the grey wall with an echo rings.  
Ah ! if I stop, the wee bird flits and clings  
A twig or two away, but deigns not pause nor cease.

What is the song that so can banish fear ?  
What joy thus all thy little being possess ?  
Why, 'tis of love, of new-won love and pride,  
Courageous as the spring that blithely thou sing'st here.

Thou carest not who listen, what betide ;  
Well hidden is the nest ; thy mate is near.  
Oh, that my songs could but a half that sheer  
Ecstatic joy of thine in melody express !

R. E. C.

Reprinted from the *I.O.W. Mercury*.

## Lorry 33.



FEW of us were coming down the Menin Road on the way back to Ypres, after a reconnaissance of the line, and had got past Clapham Junction, when it happened. The voice appeared to come from a heap of scrap iron on the edge of the shell-scarred road. Closer investigation showed an old twisted axle, to which was attached the remnants of a lorry wheel, all the rubber burnt off and charred. I had fallen somewhat in rear of the party and paused to listen. The voice proceeded in rusty tones, "Sit down, sir, if you're not in a hurry. I have wanted to tell somebody my tale since the battle of the Menin Road, but no one cares to wait about much in this part of the line. H.Q. isn't always healthy. Quiet enough now, though.

" You're curious to know who I am, eh? Well, I'm all that's left of lorry 33 of the —th Div., Sup. Col., the bane of drivers and the despair of the Workshop Officer. I never was much good, from the time I was born in the factories until the day of my death, except for one occasion, which I'll tell you about, if a whizz-bang don't hit you before.

" I always have suffered from something chronic in my stom—I mean my gear-box—no one could cure it. The best driver in the world couldn't change up without making a noise that caused personal remarks from the Section Sergt. about the driver's inability to drive even a donkey cart. For that reason I was hardly ever out of dock, and very rarely went out on convoy. The few occasions on which I did ruined my gears and everyone's temper.

[“ It's all right, sir, they're going well over to the right. They always shell there about this time—I get to recognise their tread.] Well, as I was saying, the battle of the Menin Road was my downfall, but I did my duty like any of the best of them, Maudsleys, Thorncrofts, and all my other relations.

" It was one morning, the 24th of September, at car-cleaning time. Old Bill Carter, my driver, was washing me and polishing up my bonnet with paraffin oil, using the most awful language on account of someone having buckled my left mudguard, when up comes the Section Sergt.

" 'Bill,' he said, 'I've got a special job for you. You're detailed for ambulance work, to stand by in case of emergency.'

" 'The 'ell I am,' said old Bill. ' Wot, ter carry wounded, and sich like?'

" 'Yes,' the Sergt. said. ' We've got to detail a car, and you're the only one we can spare. The others are all working night and day.'

" I think old Bill was fond of me in a way, but his language would not have led me to believe so. ' Why, the perishin' old cow'll 'bout kill any wounded with that—gear of 'ers, if they're anyways serious,' he muttered. ' She'll jolt wot little life they may 'ave out of 'em.'

" Still orders are orders, and I was carefully overhauled and cleaned, and presently stood oiled and filled by the side of the road. I didn't care much about my new job, as one had heard many nasty tales from other lorries who had been up the line. How they had seen lorries blown to pieces by shells, ditched in a hopeless sea of mud, or crawling back to the park with half their backs blown off. Still, I had hopes that I should not be called upon to go. I knew enough to realise what a time I should have changing gear, and how my inside would suffer. I was soon to be rudely awakened. Late in the next afternoon, when everything was quiet, there was a sudden shout of ' 33,' and my driver hurried out of the estaminet, to be greeted by that awful man, the Section Sergt.

"Off you go," he cried. "Here are your orders. Report at Railway Crossing."

"Bill's second driver hurried up, and started me. I felt Bill's hand grip my gear lever, and heard the awful crunch as the gears slipped into place. We were off, and crawling past the park—we quickened up till we were fairly bumping along the pavé. We soon got on the main road to Ypres, and had to slow down to footpace. Lorries going in either direction, some loaded with shells, others packed with hot, dusty infantrymen, some rattling back empty to the dépôts. Ambulances full of wounded, bloodstained, bandaged, tired, with the inevitable cigarette between their parched lips, while above them there often swung a stretcher with a silent form outstretched. Infantry swinging along on the right of the road, the dust on their equipment and clothes lending a strange pallor to their set faces. Silent for the most part, gazing at the back of the man in front; the columns moved along towards the ceaseless mutter of the guns. The closer we got to the line, the thicker the traffic became, an ordered chaos wonderfully controlled by M.P and T.C.M.

"We skirted Ypres, I remember—they were shelling the town—and took a switch road, and it was then that I heard my first shell. Bill and I heard together the long drawn out wail as it came over, and his hand tightened on my wheel. It sounded as if it was coming right for us, and I feared that we should meet the fate of many another of my class. I saw a huge fountain of earth and smoke shoot up in front of us about 30 yards away, and almost simultaneously a fearful roaring, crashing noise. Clods of earth and bits of steel flew all around us, and as I felt a sharp pain run through my right side, I heard Bill mutter, 'Gosh! that was a bit 'ot. It's chipped a bit right off the old 'bus.' However, we got right up to Railway Crossing without another so near. There Bill pulled me up for orders and went to find out what he could. He soon came back and told his second driver they'd got to go on to the Dressing Station at Clapham Junction. I felt my four cylinders beat faster as I heard this, for No. 23 had told me that it was a warm place for shelling and few lorries dared drive up so far. My gears had been having a fearful grinding since we started, and I had no wish to go further. We had to go very cautiously now. The road had been hit in many places and it needed all Bill's care to avoid an accident. It was a hot, dusty afternoon. The guns were quiet now except for an odd shell or so, screaming its way over to its final resting place. Away on the right was a big mound, Stirling Castle and Tor Top, shell-scarred, with a few skeleton trees that had escaped the past shelling. To the left, in the valley, an Australian battery was limbering up and moving forward, the horses plumping and struggling in the sticky mud, in which the wheels sank up to the axles. A couple of derelict tanks, pierced with innumerable holes, their helpless guns pointing abjectly heavenward, completed a true picture of desolation.

"We got to Clapham Junction, and a doctor came up, bloodstained, weary, but full of energy. 'Load up as quickly as you can,' he said, 'We're expecting another attack at 6, and we're full to overflowing as it is.' There were other ambulance cars there, rapidly filling up with wounded. Some were able to hobble, others came up staggering on the arm of a stronger man. One man was shrieking aloud, struggling to get away from those who held him. As he passed me, he cried out, 'My God! Dead, all dead, I tell you,' the tears running down his cheeks, and his voice culminating in a piercing shriek, that had a strange, terrible fear in it.

"It soon came to my turn, and the less serious cases began to clamber aboard, sinking down on my floor as if too tired to care if they were trampled on or no. Then the stretcher cases—silent and still, except when a groan of agony escaped their lips. The red blood

on the face accentuated a pallor that was dreadful to see. One lad—he could not have been more than eighteen—a gaping wound in his back from which the bandage had slipped, and a leg that would be useless if he ever recovered, smiled up at Bill as he adjusted the bandage. ‘They’ve made a mess of me,’ he murmured, ‘but things are going well for us up there.’ Never a thought of self.

“We were loaded up at last and moved off down the road. Never had Bill driven so carefully as he drove that September afternoon. Slowly we crept along past the heap of dead horses we had passed on the way up, past less fortunate walking wounded, who were hobbling along cheerfully enough. Little files of men, going up still to take part in the struggle, chaffed with the wounded or threw them cigarettes. ‘Lucky dog,’ was the general remark. ‘Soon be in Blighty now.’ Just then the guns broke out again. The attack was on and the barrage had opened. The 18-pounders cracked and banged, the heavies chimed in, and the air was full of an indescribable roaring, crackling sound. Dusk had fallen by this time, and away behind us Verey lights were shooting up in all directions. Hundreds of men were being hurled into eternity. Just then I heard the fearful sound that I had heard in the afternoon, and knew that they were shelling the road in front of us. We were crawling along now and Bill was gazing intently in front of him. All of a sudden a fearful roar and a vivid sheet of flame just in front of us, and I heard Bill shout, ‘Incendiary shell, by God!’ A second later I heard the wailing noise again. On it came screaming down, down right on to us. I could feel that it would hit us. With an indescribable roar the thing hit us and I felt myself lifted bodily into the ditch and surrounded by a sheet of flame. By the lurid light the burning petrol cast I could see old Bill Carter lying in a ghostly huddle across the bonnet, and the second driver was nowhere to be seen. Scream after scream rang out as the poor wretches I had been carrying, hurled by the violence of the explosion all over the ground, bled from fresh wounds and rolled over and over in their agony. One man, blood pouring from his wounds, his clothes all ablaze, rushed beyond the circle of light, and threw himself on the ground. The petrol from the shell had covered them all, and they were burning to death without a chance of escape. A few men dashed up and managed to drag one or two clear of the inferno. Several more incendiary shells burst near, and the whole road was lighted up.

“I was burning fast, the flames licking round my canvas-covered back, running along my tarred seams, and getting nearer and nearer my petrol tank. With a blinding flash and a roar of flame I blew up and was scattered all round.

“Never more would Bill drive me with much swearing on convoy; my career was finished, but I died in harness.”

\* \* \* \* \*

Extract from official report to Mech. Transport Base: “Lorry 33.  
Type 4. Engine No. 41,236/a/12, destroyed by shell fire 25/0/17.”  
DOUGLAS H. PACK.

### The Ballad of Janet.\*

My hair is greying fast the noo,  
My cheeks are lined wi’ care;  
I live alone within my cot—  
Nor bairn nor mon is there.  
  
Three bonnie lovers had I aince—  
Three bonnie lads and braw;  
Yet since on aye I cudna fix,  
They a’ ha’e gane awa’.

\*N.B.—We take no responsibility for the Scotch contained in this Ballad, and accordingly we beg the indulgence of our more fastidious Scotch subscribers.—ED.

For Wullie he's in Aberdeen,  
 And Neil he's wi' his Jane,  
 And Kate McClirk stole Sandy Bell  
 Sae I am left alone.

'Twas in the spring that Wullie cam'  
 —Ay me, I mind it weel,  
 We foond the year's first violet  
 Doon i' the Fairy Dell.

And as the wee primroses blumed  
 Sae blumed oor love fu' fast;  
 But ere the summer's rose was oot,  
 Young Neil cam' striding past.

Oh, Neil, he was a bonnie lad,  
 And strong he was, and ta';  
 And Wullie, by the side o' him  
 He lookit unco sma'.

Sae Neil he woood, and Wullie woood,  
 I'd promise ain nor ither;  
 —And Sandy met me after kirk,  
 And lo, there was another!

Three lads a-courting ain fair lass,  
 And gi'ing her nae rest,  
 And still the lassie wudna say  
 Whilk lo'er pleased her best.

The ither lassies hated me  
 And ugly nam's they'd ca',  
 But oh! I kennnt no' whit tae dae,  
 For weel I lo'ed them a'!

Then Wullie says, "I'll stay nae mair,  
 I see ye canna' lo'e";  
 And off he tramps tae Aberdeen—  
 Sae mony years ago.

And Neil, he found a little lass  
 Wha didna say him nay,  
 And sae, "Fareweel, my dear," says he,  
 "It's Sandy ye can ha'e."

But Sawbath cam', and Sandy no',  
 For witching Kate McClirk  
 Had smiled on him, and sent him daft,  
 And whisked him tae the kirk.

Ah, mony were the tears I shed,  
 For a' too late I kennnt  
 That Sandy was the lad for me,  
 And I must aye repent,

That I had let the richt ane gang  
 Thro' wicked, sinfu' pride,  
 And lived to weep at his wedding  
 Wha should ha'e been his bride.

And mony years ha'e passed, but brocht  
 Nae husband dear tae me,  
 And I maun live a puir auld maid,  
 An auld maid I maun dee.

CYNTHIA C. COX.

### The Passing of Arthur.

'Twas at a gathering of the table round,  
 And weighty matters there were being discussed.  
 Spoke Edmund : " Grieved am I to think on those  
 Who are our staff and our support no more.  
 We mourn for Arthur and for Dorothy,  
 (How well has she done in another sphere !)  
 For Warwick, Vera, Herbert and the rest.  
 Some left us in the glory of their might  
 And some, alas, were recreant at the end.  
 Let there be writings bearing our regards  
 And God-speed in their quests and journeyings.  
 Official offering let it be, signed with Sec's. name  
 And greetings all in due formality."

" Sex," I replied, " not so, it likes me not!  
 So it be R.E.C.'s I'll sign it Rex."

Then was there clamour in the banquet-hall,  
 And angry words and hurrying to and fro.  
 I swore I had but jested, yet they howled  
 With " Caitiff, recreant, upstart !" and the like,  
 " Thou would'st the title, then the office seize ;  
 Thou would'st be king, thy solemn oaths forswear !"  
 And I in ire : " 'Tis true ; here is not one  
 But strives to tread the path that Arthur went."

Then gentle Enid took my part, and she  
 The Mistress of Three Seas, and Edmund bold ;  
 And one : " Our happiness this discord blasts,  
 Our single-heartedness and high endeavour.  
 Sir Rex recks not the cause he wrecks when thus  
 He wreaks his wretched wrecks of wit upon us,"  
 All were dumb and at a loss to comprehend  
 The purport of this cryptic utterance.  
 Stood we amazed at such flippancy  
 'Till we did laugh and shrug, and there was peace.

R. E. C.

### Tale of Ye Brute.

Upon a dogge-daye in ye monthe of Maye  
 A ladye that I knowe dyd too me saye :

" Sirrah, this afternoon thou shalt me take,  
 Forsooth, upon ye waters of ye lake."

This dyd I doon and eke dyd swink and sweat  
 At rowyng of ye ladye, till I let

Vexacious clumsyness her splashe soe  
 That with a " Brute !" she left me and dyd goe.

The boat with Brute and I was lyghter farre,  
 And Brute would not repent—nor my cigarre !

R. E. C.

## SOCIAL

## NOTES.



Mr. Frederick Corder's lectures have been of very general interest. Numerous illustrations were played by himself, the Misses Betty Humby and Kathleen Levi, and Messrs. Reginald Paul and Arthur Sandford.

\* \* \* \*

Mr. Edmund T. Jenkins, who has been one of the principal moving spirits of the Academite, has notified us of his arrangements for his return to America by R.M.S. "Imperator," which leaves Southampton the end of July. Mr. Jenkins will be unable to say, until he reaches New York, whether his return will be permanent or merely a visit.

\* \* \* \*

Saturday, July 10th, is the date fixed for the Club Outing to Windsor. This promises to be a very pleasant day.

\* \* \* \*

Mr. Fraser Gange and his wife, Madame Amy Evans, left on March 20th for a long Australian tour. During his absence Mr. Gange's pupils are under Mr. John Booth.

\* \* \* \*

At Manchester, Miss Olive Turner sang Mr. Julius Harrison's new settings of three of Rossetti's "Boccaccio" Sonnets.

\* \* \* \*

Mr. Leslie Regan has been appointed to the staff of Trinity College of Music.

\* \* \* \*

Miss Winifred Brady has been singing the leading rôle in the opera "Lily of Killarney" at the Old Vic.

\* \* \* \*

Miss Sylvia Mitchell and Mr. Edward Wemyss have joined the Fairbairn Opera Co.

\* \* \* \*

Miss May Wood left for South Africa to take up Miss Phyllis Blaine's position as elocution teacher at the Johannesburg School of Music.

\* \* \* \*

A successful concert has been given at St. Malo by Miss Marie De Baeker, assisted by Miss Marjorie Perkins. English composers were represented on the interesting programme by Mr. Landon Ronald and Mr. John Ireland.

\* \* \* \*

Miss Nora Blaney recently played César Franck's symphonic variations at the Bournemouth Winter Gardens. Mr. Giovanni Barbirolli played Tchaikowsky's variations on a theme Rococo, at the same concerts, while Miss Thelma Howorth sang there on March 15th with her usual success.

\* \* \* \*

Miss Fédora Turnbull sang the part of Cupid in "Venus and Adonis," performed by the Glastonbury Festival Players during their London season at the "Old Vic."

\* \* \* \*

Mr. Watcyn Watcyns was recently singing at Christchurch College, Oxford.

\* \* \* \*

Miss Dora Cunningham is at Jhansing, United Provinces, India.

\* \* \* \*

Mr. Roy Russell sang in a concert version of "Faust" at St. Heliers, Jersey, last Easter.

\* \* \* \*

Miss Alice Wright sang with the Cardiff Symphony Orchestra on May 9th.

\* \* \* \*

Miss Louise Foy, who is at Rangoon, expects to return to England in the early autumn.

\* \* \* \*

Miss Vera Mitchell is coming to England from New Zealand in July.

\* \* \* \*

Miss Thelma Howorth is engaged to Captain Basil Machin, Duke of Wellington's Regiment, West Riding Territorial Force.

\* \* \* \*

Miss Winifred Radford, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Radford, was married to Major Douglas Illingworth, at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on April 20th.

\* \* \* \*

Miss Alma Goatley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Grafton Goatley, was married to Mr. Hamilton Temple Smith at the Marylebone Parish Church on April 7th.

\* \* \* \*

Miss Betty Shields was married to Mr. David Welsh Rusack, at St. Columbus, Pond Street, on June 1st.

GLADYS M. CHESTER.

### A Song of May (1920).

I've heard a few who sing of May,  
Of happy birds—and flowers,  
Of woods wherein the streamlets play,  
And lovely shady bowers.

But this, my song, is not the same;  
For many weighty reasons;  
The Weather Clerk in search of fame,  
Has quite upset the seasons.

Oh! 'tis the "berry bunt of Bay"  
The street is like a river;  
In front of coal-less grates all day  
We sit and curse and shiver.

The "bastard" bath is now our lot.  
We're fed each night on gruel;  
The Weather Clerk (may he be shot)  
Was never quite so cruel.

Roll on, December's frost and snow,  
When all earth bleak and grey is,  
Whatever happens, this I know—  
It can't be worse than May is!

EMEX. C.M.

## AN "ACADEMITE" INTERVIEW.

Miss Eliza Bludge, the famous Whitechapel Playwright,  
gives us a Peep into her Methods.



UR interview with Miss Bludge took place at "The Leaping Frog," the hostelry on which she confers the honour of her presence for the greater part of the day.

"Somethink o' my methods d'yer want?" queried Miss Bludge—"Come, now, that's tellin's," and she favoured us with a knowing wink. "Yer cawn't expect me ter give aw'y all my perfessional secrets, y'know."

"Of course not," we murmured, hastily dodging what would have been a dig in the ribs had we stayed to receive it. "But perhaps you would tell us something about yourself and the circumstances of your career."

"Well, you seem a decent sort o' young chap, I will s'y, so I don't mind tellin' yer a few little things—But—talkin's dry work, ain't it—I always did suffer from me froat, some'ow."

The waiter came at once in obedience to our nod.

"Gin and bitters for me," announced Miss Bludge in that resonant voice of hers, which is so markedly characteristic. "What's your's?"

We never drink anything while professionally engaged, so we returned to our task (no easy one).

"It is always interesting," we observed, "to study the methods of great artists—you know, doubtless, that Rostand invariably wrote—

"O' course y'know," she interrupted, "yer cawn't do nuffink wivout the genius. If I was ter talk ter you till sundown"—it was then eleven o'clock—"yer wouldn't be no more able to write a pl'y 'n what you are now, not if you hadn't got the genius—same as what I 'ave. The 'divine inflatus' some calls it—sounds like a bloomin' Dunlop tyre, don't it? Others, they s'y 'divine fire,' but, lor' bless yer, *that* aint genius—that's gin and bitters.

"'Ow do I set ter work ter write a pl'y? Well, fust an' foremost I does me sigh-nopsis—yer cawn't do no good unless you 'as yer sigh-nopsis all done out nice first. Well then, I 'as me sigh-nopsis there beside me, and I says ter myself, 'Four Ac's—forty minutes each, fust three, twenty minutes the last. Forty minutes, so many piges,' and then I starts ter write. When I'm gettin' near the end o' me act, I looks an' sees 'ow many more piges and 'ow much more stuff. And if I got too much stuff for them piges, I got ter go back and cut a bit 'ere and snip a bit there, till what wiv cuttin' an' snippin' I got enough room to get it all in. Wunst—in 'The Scarlet Scandal' it was, too—I 'ad Lord Ronald and Lidy Angela side by side on the sofa, and 'im not even popped it yet, and on'y two pages for 'er ter refuse 'im, and 'im ter plead wiv 'er, and 'er to exit in tears, and 'im ter bring down the curting wiv a oath and a attitood. Some beautiful lines I 'ad ter cut out to get all that in, too."

Miss Bludge was now on her third gin and bitters. "It's a 'ard life, an author's," she continued tearfully, "'Ow little do they knew, the public as calls 'Author, author,' at the end o' my pieces, 'ow little do they know of the breakin' 'art be'ind the smilin' lips, and the bendin' sperrit beneath the bowin' back. The tears I've shed—yer wouldn't believe—over the pore young 'eroine as affairs is all goin' wrong through Ac's I., II. and III., and the innercent creturs as 'ave to be killed in the accidents and earfquakes, where the 'ero can on'y rescue the 'eroine; and where the angel-child dies at the 'and o' the brutal miner, in 'The 'Eroine of 'Ell-fire Creek,' yer cawn't 'ardly read the manuscript for me tears as 'ave a'most blotted out 'er woids o' forgiveness and love,'"

Miss Bludge was now weeping copiously. "It's a 'arrowin' life, that's what it is, a 'arrowin' life. Oh, why did 'Eaven think fit to endue me wiv the genius?"

"But," we ventured to inquire, "why do you keep on writing, if it causes you such grief?"

"What d'youn mean, young man," she said, a note of truculence appearing in her tone. "'Oo am I that I should throw aw'y the good gifts of 'Eaven? I dess'y some 'ud be glad to 'ear as 'ow I'd given up writing—I dessay there's some as 'ud rejoice to learn as 'ow the feelin's o' me tender 'art was too much for me, but don't you think it, young feller. As long as Eliza Bludge *can* wield the pen o' genius she *will* wield it, let 'er feelin's be what they may."

We rose, prepared to withdraw, on these excellent sentiments, but our progress was arrested by a frenzied shout, "Hi there, young man—you ain't paid for the drinks—oh you serpent, you viper as I've cherished in my bosom."

We could not help deeming this last phrase somewhat indelicate, so hastily flinging down half-a-crown (of the "Academite" funds) we fled, devoutly hoping the Editor would find some rather easier quests for us in future.

CYNTHIA C. COX.

### A Tragedy.

A dainty fair-haired maiden  
Wore a most becoming hat,  
Her little feet were always  
Swiftly going pit-a-pat.  
For every morning, fair or foul,  
In shine or drizzle thin,  
She came up to the R.A.M.,  
And spent the day therein.

She played so very badly,  
Yet with such a charming air,  
Her master's soul was vexéd sore,  
She caused him deep despair.  
Twice weekly he did lecture her  
Upon the need of work,  
But 'spite of all his scolding  
She did still her practice shirk.

One day, when at her lesson,  
In his rage he storméd so  
To see her little fingers  
Wandering wildly to and fro,  
That she got quite offended,  
And to Matthay thought she'd go,  
And bothered the Curator  
For to let her have it so.

Her master's heart was broken,  
For indeed, he loved her, quite,  
And of his grief and misery  
He died that very night,  
And on the following morning  
When to the R.A.M. she 'bus'd,  
She spoke his little epitaph,  
"Now perhaps I shan't be fussed!"

G. M.C.

# Messrs. Lewis

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## Buenas Noches.\*



T is night, and silent but for the movement of the sentry before the drawbridge ; the clouds are racing across the sky, a brilliant moon shines brightly on the lonely stronghold of Tsico, a small tower perched on a high rock. On the south and eastern sides it looks down sheer into the valley, many hundred feet below ; and yet, in the moonlight it seems as though you could drop a pebble down the chimney of the old Maire's house ; on the north and west, the incline is more gradual, a long undulating plain right down to the marketing town of Messialo. But of what use ! that which Nature left open, man has barred by moat and drawbridge. Scant hope of escape indeed for any man so ill-fated as to find himself confined in the Tower of Tsico !

Through a window at the very summit of the little fort flickers a feeble light ; it comes from a guttering candle in a bracket on the wall of a prison chamber. Roderigo Asinta, ci-devant Count of Santiaccio, the most daring robber ever known in Corsica, rises from where he has been sitting on a heap of dried gorse and bracken. The wind ruffles his hair as he leans out of the window, a smile on his lips and a dare-devil light in his eyes. There is nothing in his situation to warrant laughter ; his fate, at the best, is doubtful ; escape is impossible, rescue equally so, since—although his little band is fearless and audacious as its leader—according to orders, Asinta is to be shot at the first attempt at succour.

The moon reappears from behind a bank of clouds, showing up the little prison-chamber clear against the night, showing, too, a man sitting on the window-sill, carelessly swinging his legs above space, while he sings the haunting refrain of "O Sole Mio"—"che bella causa—." He stops and laughs, gazing down at an astonished sentry, some fifty feet below, who stares up at him open-mouthed. With incredible agility Asinta gets to his feet, clinging with one hand behind his back ; somehow he manages to execute an ironically courteous bow, and in a loud, deep voice, ringing out in the night, he calls—"Mi querido amigo,† pray tell your good colonel I am gone home ; when he, too, joins his father, the devil, we may meet again ; till then —lo deseo buenas noches!"

There is a splash, and the waters of the moat are troubled by ever-widening rings.

\*Good-night.

†My dear friend . . . I wish him good-night

G. V. HOVENDEN.

## Complaint.

I did not know until it was too late  
How much, how very much, you meant to me.  
Since then, discovery has but galled my fate,  
For in this present term no hope can be.

Injustice rankles deep, for why should they  
Judge me adversely if, with mind distressed  
I called a third a sixth, or, further—say—  
Of transposition ignorance confessed?

I felt a blank, a void that naught could fill,  
When asked the meaning of such words as these :  
*Forzando, Strepitoso* and *Con Brill*.

So simply wrote, "Translate them as you please."  
And yet for this compelled am I to sit  
In Block—fate crueler far than being nailed  
In pillory. By you I am hard hit,  
Oh ! clement's exam. that I have failed !

G. M. C.



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## Guess !

WHO lives in the telephone box

WHO has imported the Paris Quartier Latin fashion in headgear.

WHOSE name caused hilarity in a sight singing class, and why.

WHO said that the title of the "Kautionary Key Tale" (which appeared in our second number) was somehow reminiscent of sea-kale. (Don't see it. C scale? Ed.).

WHO looks tired in orchestra.

WHO needed a reminder that "La Belle Dame sans Merci" does *not* mean "The Lady who didn't say Thanks."

WHO was disappointed at not being mentioned in the A.B.C. Guide to Professors. (Vide last number.)

WHO are the members of the Beauty Chorus.

WHOSE mother made inquiries about the "*Sight-testing and ear-wringing class.*"

WHO was prospective editor of this column.

WHO mistook the orchestra for "Alexander's Rag-time Band."

WHO is always right.

WHO contributed this terrible Limerick :

There is one whose delight is to pester  
For copy—so now I suggest a  
Trade's Union of students  
To demand emoluments (help !)  
From the not-to-be-mentioned ——.

OR this :

Sumer is icumen in,  
(Put on your woollen undies !)  
Sing cuccu, cuccu, cuccu.  
(Wear two fur coats on Sundays !)

## Apology for Leaving Early.

The concert was long,  
The orchestra was dozy ;  
Do you think it was wrong ?  
The concert was long.  
Tea at Lyons' so cosy.  
The concert was long,  
The orchestra *was* dozy !

G. M. C.



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